The Georgetown Herald.

THIRTY-NINTH YEAR. GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, 1905. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

The Georgetown Herald.

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M. D. WARREN, Publisher

J. M. MOORE, Ass't Manager.

DIRECTORY.

LEGAL.

GEORGE W. GOODWILLIE, B. A., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, Georgetown, Ont.

MEDICAL.

DRS. WEBSTER & NIXON, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND ACCOUCHEURS. OFFICE and residence: Morval and Georgetown.

DR. A. S. ELLIOTT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr Sutherland). Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church

DENTAL.

FRANK H. WATSON, D.D.S., L.D.S. DENTIST. Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mondays: 8.30 to 1 p.m., 6.15 to 8.45 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches.

VETERINARY.

H. R. MICKELL, V.S. (Successor to H. S. Reed, V.S.) OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, Mr. Reed's old stand. Cattle dehorned.

W. L. DRINKWATER, Georgetown. VETERINARY SURGEON and DENTIST. Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Member Michigan State Veterinary Medical Association. Office next door to Buck's butcher shop.

AUCTIONEERS.

R. MILLIGAN, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the Counties of Peel and Halton. Real estate bought and sold. Farm Stock a specialty. Orders left at the HERALD office will receive prompt attention.

J. A. BELL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Halton, Peel and Wellington. Residence, Church st., Georgetown. Sales conducted at reasonable rates. Real Estate bought and sold. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BENJ. PETCH, Licensed Auctioneer for Halton and Peel, Glenwilliams Post Office. Sales conducted satisfactorily and at reasonable rates. Orders left at THE MISSENGER HERALD OFFICE, will receive prompt attention.

SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.

CREDIT LODGE, No. 319, A. F. & A. M., meets on Friday on or before full moon, in the Masonic Hall, McLeod Block. Visitors cordially welcomed.

J. B. McLEOD W.M. T. M. KENNEDY, Sec.

HOME CIRCLE.

GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 81, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, and Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the Society will be furnished by the following:—

J. HAIRD, M. LONG. J. ALLEN, Sr. M. MARVIN.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

MOUNT CREDIT, Georgetown, meets in the I.O.O.F. Hall, on the 4th Tuesday of every month. Particulars regarding rates of insurance, &c., may be had from any of the members, or from T. H. Kennedy C.R., M. O. Adams M.W., J. W. Kennedy F.S.

BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP. DAVID GANT, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

A. MEVINS (Successor to M. Gollop.) BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., next Bellair's. Best of satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Holston Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. Baths.

JOHN BLUMENSTOCK. BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., HERALD Block. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Guelph Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. BATHS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. H. GOODWILLIE, AGENT OF MANNIGAN LUMBER, Georgetown, Ont.

WM. HARDEN & BROS., BAYNE MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

J. A. FIZZELL
General Blacksmith
—and—
Horse-shoer!

All kinds of repairs in wood or iron.

Having secured MR. CARRIQUE to do the woodwork, it will be well looked after. All kinds of Harness ready-to-wear kept on hand. All Work and Harness warranted. A trial solicited.

AGENT FOR:—Wagons, Buggies Ploughs, Steel Rollers, Etc.

J. A. FIZZELL STEWARTTOWN.

Kennedy's Bakery

HEADQUARTERS

Christmas Cakes
—AND—
CONFECTIONERY

L. Kennedy,
Baker and Confectioner

TELEPHONE No. 4.

COLIN MITCHELL
STEWARTTOWN,
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Staple Dry Goods, Crockery, Glassware, Boots and Shoes, Etc.

Also a full line of Farm Implements, Wagons and Carriages.

Colin Mitchell,
Stewarttown.

Photographs...

That are LIFE-LIKE, artistic UP-TO-DATE IN FINISH.

Ferguson PHOTOGRAPHER

Pupil Illinois College of Photography.
Studio—Main st., GEORGETOWN.

A full line of the newest in Picture Framing.

A WARNING NOTE FROM THE BACK.

People often say, "How are we to know when the kidneys are out of order?" The location of the kidneys, close to the small of the back, renders the detection of kidney trouble a simple matter. The note of warning comes from the back, in the shape of backache. Don't neglect to cure it immediately. Serious kidney trouble will follow if you do. A few doses of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS,

taken in time, often save years of suffering. Mr. Horatio Till, Geary, N.B., writes:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney disease. Had pains in my back, hips and legs; could not sleep well, and had no appetite. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they cured me. The pains have all left, and I now sleep well.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25. All dealers, or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., Toronto, Ont.

T. W. Galbraith
General Blacksmith,

HORSESHOEING A SPECIALTY

Work promptly done. I have also up to date for sale cheap:
3 new Cutters latest style,
1 new set Delivery Sleighs,
1 second-hand Pleasure Sleigh,
Pulpers always on hand.

—A call is solicited.—
Thanking all for their past patronage.
—T. W. Galbraith—

Shop, Next Willoughby's Livery
GEORGETOWN.

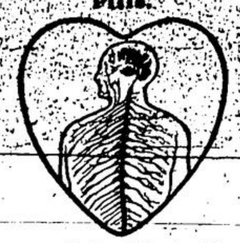
HEADACHE

Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by

AJAX NERVINE HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA CURE

No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Takes no other. 50c and $1.00. All dealers or direct from Ajax Medicine Co., Simcoe, Ont. Money back if not satisfied.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes us as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly.

Old Watches Made New .....

Watches Overhauled and Repaired in the most skilful manner.

Always in Stock

Gold Watches and Chains, Gem Rings, Pearl Jewelry, Scarf Pins, Bracelets, Silverware, Pipes and Cigar Cases, Berry Spoons, Soup and Cream Ladles. All of First-class quality and at Reasonable Prices.

T. J. Wheeler
Jeweler,
GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO.

THE BEST

Bread!

and all kinds of

PASTRY!

may be had at the Main St. Bakery.

A. E. BETTS
Proprietor.

A full line of Choice Confectionery.

Oyster Parlor!

Having opened an Oyster Parlor in connection with my bakery, I solicit a share of your patronage. Stewed or raw served at all hours.

A. E. BETTS.

Lawson Bros.,
GEORGETOWN

Planing Mill

Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, in cluding Mouldings, Doors, Mouldings, &c. on short notice. A complete stock of

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.

Always on hand.

Bill Stuff a Specialty

LAWSON BROS.

KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN'.

Homely phrase of our grandsires bright—
Keep steady step to the tune of the drum;
Touch to the left—eyes to the right—
Sing with the soul the lips be dumb.
Hard to be good when the wind's in the east;
Hard to be gay when the heart is down
When they that trouble you seek to be pressed,
When you look for a smile and see a frown.
But
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

Hard to be sweet when the throng is alone,
Where elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and to take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud.
"Keep to the right" in the city's throng;
"Divide the road" on the broad highway;
There's one way right when everything's wrong;
"Easy and fair goes far in a day."
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
The lifetime chance for a "help" is missed;
The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred;
A kind hand clenched makes an ugly fist.
When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
The spark flies close to the magazine;
Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
Banish the fear with a smile serene—
Just
"Keep sweet and keep movin'."

The Letter Robert Wrote

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1901, by Kate M. Cleary

It was a day like an opal—full of light and sparkle and blue brilliances and tender, greenish shadows. Ray had awakened to it all with a reciprocal rush of joy born of perfect health and almost perfect happiness.

Would Robert feel annoyed that she had failed to keep her appointment with him the day previous? The thought troubled her. She could not breakfast. She went down in the garden and walk until the postman passed. She had her plunge bath, dressed and went flying downstairs. Ringing, she flashed out into the dewy brightness of the young day. She went darting from scrub to shrub and from flower to flower, for all the world like a bright plumaged humming bird.

Ah! There was the postman coming down the block now!

"Good morning!" she cried smilingly. She caught eagerly the letter he extended. At first as she read a shadow crossed her countenance. Gradually this expression gave place to one of bewilderment. Finally it merged in a look of complete comprehension.

"Robert won't be angry about the broken appointment," she decided.

And she was singing as she went indoors.

This is the letter Robert wrote:

"Dearest—My godfather, Wilfrid Wolverton, is here. He said he wanted to surprise me. In this land his ambition he was entirely successful. I was not expecting him—didn't dream he'd show up for a month yet. He has come all the way from Canada to pass judgment on the girl I've selected to be the wife of his godson. And, to my behoof, if I did not insist on his fulfilling the object he had in mind when he started he'd turn around this minute, I believe, and go back to his land of snows and tamaracks. Daft? I hear you ask. No man is saner, dear girl. But he's brimful of eccentricities. You know how prejudiced he was when I wrote him about you. I'm afraid I think of marrying 'a girl of the States.' But, provided you possessed beauty and intelligence, both of which I assured him were yours in fullest measure, he was disposed to make the best of matters. As bad luck would have it, his ancient and capricious fancy was yesterday enslaved by some forward young heroine whose acquaintance he made at the railroad depot. Him was there, it appears, to meet a friend. He fatigued by his journey, was overcome by one of his periodic vanishing fits. This obnoxious young woman was equal to the occasion. She objected to his being an ambulance unnecessary. One of her relatives, she said, was subject to such attacks, and she knew just what to do. She had him lift her his collar loosened, helped a desk from a drummer and dispatched a messenger to a drug store for what proved to be the proper tablets. Anyhow, she brought him back to consciousness, had him lean on her arm to the cab stand and saw him safely off to his chosen hotel. She would not give her name. Only laughed away his thanks and went off.

"He has talked of nothing else since. He vows he is going to advertise for the young woman, that he may formally, and substantially if she will permit, evidence his gratitude. So fascinated is he by her that he has practically lost interest in you. 'Such grace! he raves. 'Such wit! Such a good heart! Oh, my boy, if you had only fallen in love with her!' Which is neither reasonable nor logical, however you take it. I try to tell him of your multiple perfections, but he waves all aside as merely lovely extravagance. I do hope you may be able to eradicate the impression produced by this extremely audacious young person when I bring him to visit you this afternoon. I'm fond of the old chap. He has always been mighty good to me. I don't deny that the cool million he has promised me if I marry to please him looms a good deal to an impecunious bank clerk like myself. But I wouldn't marry a princess of the blood royal, with the crown jewels thrown in, if a little girl named Ray loved me. She says she does. God bless her. Au revoir, then. Yours adoringly, ROBERT."

* * * * * * *

"Why didn't you meet me at the Art Institute, as you promised?"

Ray stopped to address a question to the big Irish setter lying on the hall rug. "Pickwick," she asked, "why did I fail to meet Robert yesterday afternoon at the Art Institute, as I had promised to do?"

Whereat Pickwick, sagacious and discreet, inferred she could not prove the matter by him and only thumped a sympathetic tail by way of reply.

"You know," Ray explained to her beloved little mother while she was beautifying even if we are poor. Your heirlooms go a long way when helped out by exquisite cleanliness and lots of flowers."

At 4 o'clock the rooms were glistening with polish and glowing with blooms. There were masses of lilacs everywhere, and one could catch a glimpse of a table set with snowy drapery and rough old crested silver pink with sweet peas.

Mrs. Fairlie, in her worn black silk and heaven collar, received the guests with gentle dignity. The tall, hand some man who had introduced him looked searchingly around. He groaned as he heard the silver haired old gentleman launch out in confidence to Mrs. Fairlie.

"The most attractive young creature my dear madam, I do assure you; a hand like a snowflake and a voice of velvet; heavenly blue eyes, full of the most captivating tenderness"—

He sprang from his chair.

"Good heavens! Who is that?"

A girl in a diaphanous green gown, just the shade of a young lettuce leaf, was coming down the room. She had a lot of sunny hair rolled back from a broad white brow. Her lips were red and smiling. And she had—oh, marvel—heavenly blue eyes full of the most captivating tenderness.

"Mr. Wolverton." She was standing before him, was holding out her hand. "We met yesterday. You are quite recovered, I hope?"

He grasped her hand in a crushing pressure. He turned helplessly to Robert Leith.

"Do you mean to say that this—this angel is your promised wife?"

"I certainly do," laughed the amazed Robert. "I did not dream until this moment that she was your ministrant of yesterday. Uncle Wilfrid, is she not"—

"A forward young person—an officious young woman—an extremely audacious young person," murmured Ray awkwardly.

Robert colored, laughing still more at the reminder.

"She is perfection," declared Wolverton. "I didn't think there were such young women in the States. I still believe," stanchly, "that there is only one."

"You deserve a kiss for that pretty speech," laughed Ray and touched his wrinkled cheek with her fresh young lips.

"God bless you, my dear," he said.

HE GRASPED HER HAND IN A CRUSHING PRESSURE.

Jewel Dos'ts.

Don't wear your rings all the time. Leave them off while working, writing or sleeping. If worn constantly they deaden the expression of the hand. The slightest pressure pushes back impulse. This is the chief evil of modern dressing.

Don't, if your past has been densely populated and your heart sentimental, make an emotional junk shop of your hand with mislaid souvenirs.

Don't wear all of your rings at the same time. Save costly gems for special occasions.

Don't wear too many plain circles. Complex and pointed effects running up the hand help expression, while straight lines shorten the fingers.

THE MAID OF HONOR'S ORDEAL.

"Clara wants me to be maid of honor," Edith announced.

"Oh, spare us, sister!" groaned Tom. "She'll disgrace the family!"

Amy giggled. "You'll be receiving rather to see if your dress hangs right just as it comes to take off the glove."

"It will be as good as a stream of fairy, and I'll sit in the gallery to take it all in!"

Edith's brother's heartless impudence and lack of self-control gave much amusement to her brothers and sisters, but were mortifying to herself and her parents. On this occasion she knew that her friends would watch for some breach of decorum, and resolved to disappoint them all.

The maid of honor dressed at the bride's home. As she was hindered at the last moment she hurriedly donned her hat and sped out to the waiting carriage.

The church was only a few doors away, and she was already at the entrance before she became aware of a slight movement on top of her head. As she stepped from the carriage the motion increased, and she instinctively put her hand to her hat. Then she remembered that she must carry herself with dignity, even if—oh, she nearly screamed! but was sure that a great, awful horn-bug was in her hat crown. Then all was quiet. Phew, it must have been only a loosened hairpin! She breathed easier, and straightway forgot the incident.

As the moment approached for her manipulation of the glove, there suddenly began a series of gyrations in the crown of her hat that made her start in terror. She was now certain that a bug of some kind had ensconced itself there, and she was seized with a frantic impulse to tear off her head covering. But she clinched her teeth and calmly withdrew the obstinate glove.

Soon the movements in her hat again ceased, and as the bridal party left the church she could almost fancy that her imagination had been playing havoc with her nerves.

But at intervals during the reception the gyrations repeated themselves, and as early as possible Edith slipped away to Tom's side, and drew him into a secluded corner.

Tom began a tossing rotor just as his sister lifted her hat. The sentence was never finished for right into Tom's face jumped—a mouse!

It was Tom who screamed!

How to Live a Century.

Sir James Sawyer, an English physician, has formulated the following nineteen rules for prolonging life to one hundred years:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom so you feel it incumbent upon us to merit that patronage by being ready for all occasions. Our stock of goods for New Years will be found equal in every particular with anything in the trade.
5. Do not have
6. Do not
7. Do not
8. Do not
9. Do not
10. Do not
11. Do not
12. Do not

Our Store and Goods are nicely arranged for our Big New Year Trade and you will be better if you visit us and our display of attractive goods in every line.

Our Dry Goods, Millinery, Clothing and Furnishing Department

are well worth a visit to assure yourself of large and beautiful choice of goods, re-inforced by our cheerful New Year values to be had right here in our General Store.

Our Grocery, China, Confectionery and Fruit Department

abounds with beauty and sweetness handle only the best and purest of provisions and confectionery and have established a reputation for reliability. Get your provisions Confectionery and Fruits for New Year from our Mill st. department and you will enjoy New Years as never before. Our assortment of China is very pretty and the prices are Christmas Gift to all. We have the exclusive right of Perrin's large range of Biscuit and Confectionery and being one of the best in Canada our trade in this line has had unknown growth.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

50 doz. fancy Christmas Hdkfs.....3 for 5c.
50 doz. Hemstitched and Emb'd. Lawn 5c
10 doz. Swiss Embroidered Lawn 10c
10 doz. Lace and Insertion, Lawn centre..12½c
20 doz. Lawn, Lace and Insertion and Swiss Embroidery ..... 15, 20 and 25c
5 doz. Embroidery d Japan Silk 25c
10 doz. the finest Swiss Embroidered Linens ..... 30, 50, 75 and $1

MS, FANCY HAT PINS, BELTS, GLOVES, &c., and for quality and price are extra values. We have a very handsome lines for our New Year trade, &c., to fill our orders every week. Bring along your leather, Combs of all kinds, Hair Pins in large variety, and quantity of Buttons and will be glad to see you.

Farmers' Market for Georgetown. As we require large quantities of Butter and Eggs, we will be glad to see you. Bring along your butter and eggs and we will be glad to see you.

AS GOOD AS HER WORD.

"Pa, Mr. Mickleby has asked me to marry him," said Jane, as she came down to breakfast one morning. "Did I copy all right in the letter I did to answer it, pa? Mr. Mickleby said he would be very much obliged to you if you would give your consent."

"No, Jane, nothing bright, I'm afraid," mused Pa, with a glance at the old lady, who calmly regarded him from her rocking chair by the fireplace. "I don't recall the preliminary remarks, Mr. Mickleby mentioned." "And anyway, I think they were a trifle mixed. But finally, after I'd said something about my prospects, to make it business like, I began to think it strange she didn't say anything, and I was afraid I was getting it all wrong.

"I'll make you a good husband, Betty," I said, to bring that was the right thing.

"If I should marry you John," she said and it was the first time she had opened her lips, "I would attend to making a good husband of you."

"And she has!" laughed old Mr. Makepeace, the corner of his eye on his wife.

TRANSLATED.

Cap'n Jotham Blow had strong objections to what he called "the new minister's high talk." Since his settlement over the Clamtown parish, Cap'n Jotham had been heard to say that "church was for them that needed it," and his conduct seemed to imply that he was not of that number.

Cap'n Jotham's own language was of a primitive and unadorned variety, and nothing pleased him more than a chance to translate the minister's remarks to Cap'n Wilson Pegg, the best Clamtown story-teller. Cap'n Pegg was deaf, and the minister's voice often failed to reach him.

One night at a neighborhood gathering Cap'n Pegg, in the course of a vivid narrative, had referred to "the big fire in '01."

"Was it the concensus of opinion," said the minister, in a mild and ineffectual tone, "that the conflagration was the result of some accident or the work of an incendiary?"

"Hey?" said Cap'n Pegg, staring at the minister and then turning to his faithful friend. "Hey?" "Is whether the big fire was set or ketched!"

EASY CLASSIFICATION.

"Vacation schools" for the children of crowded districts have become popular in the big American cities—perhaps as much on account of the free excursions to the country which some of them offer as for any of the educational advantages. When one was opened last summer in the Chicago "ghetto," the first day brought to the school-house many times the number of children that could be accommodated. The teachers were in a quandary. We were waylaid by mothers and by the children themselves, "chances in the school." The superintendent hit upon an easy form of classification which left the very poor and exclude

children had crowded into a great assembly-room, and there he addressed them. "Now, children," he said, "first of all I want those of you whose fathers live in the middle from wagons to raise your hands." There was a rustle, and up shot nearly a fourth of the hands in the room. Their owners waved them proudly.

"That is fine," said the superintendent. "You will all march out to the hall and stand in line there.

"Now all those whose fathers peddle from push-carts raise their hands," he said, when the first lot had gone out. Again there was a good number; and these, too, were sent to the hall.

"Now," said he, "how many of you have fathers who carry a basket on their shoulders or a tray in front of them and peddle?"

Nearly every remaining hand was raised, and the superintendent smiled. "I think that would fix it," he said. "Go to the children this school is for. You will all be assigned to other teachers."

He had sent into the hall—were the aristocracy of the neighborhood, who must yield to the poorest.

ASSURING EXPLANATIONS.

Mrs. Potts was filled with nervous dread whenever she travelled, and Mr. Potts always had his hands full in trying to calm and reassure her.

"Algernon," said Mrs. Potts, awakening her husband from a sound sleep in a railway car. "Algernon! I want you to tell me why we are going at this fearful speed. The car is bumping and swaying. I can scarcely see out of my window."

Mr. Potts sat up and looked out of the window at the moonlit landscape.

"See that bridge ahead on the curve?" he asked, sleepily. "Well, we have to go over that in a minute, and probably it won't be very strong, and they want to go over it with as little strain and as quickly as possible. Now go to sleep."

A NEW INDUSTRY.

The gathering of wild flowers for the city market is largely the work of Italians, who make it a regular business. A writer in The Times-World says it is the demand for wild flowers from the city market, that is raising the wild flowers on the Italian farms.

With proper care, a patch of trailing arbutus might be made to yield a little annual income, and so might a patch of cardinal flowers, or fringed gentian, or columbine, or some of the many native orchids.

Tree-planting and fostering young plants, distributing the seeds and direction in harvesting—in a word, aiding instead of thwarting nature—could not fail in valuable financial results. Just as large tracts of once useless land on the Maine coast now yield something like fifteen dollars an acre from the yearly cutting of young fir-trees for the Christmas season, and just as acres of undrained swamp in Michigan are now utilized for the growth and production of peppermint, so might the sand-barren and the peat-bog and even the stagnant pool be made to yield a wealth of flowers with an economic, an educational and an esthetic [illegible]

The demand of high schools alone makes a good market. Some of the larger high schools receive material literally by the barrel. Unless there be some rational way of supplying this demand, the study of botany, according to present laboratory methods, will defeat its own purpose; for as now carried on in many places, it is a serious cause of the devastation of some of the most interesting native plants.

In the work of cultivating wild flowers the training and experience of the college girl would be of inestimable value. Her flower-farm might co-operate with high-school work, not only by her providing material, but by her adding descriptions and photographs of the various habitats of the specimens used. When a pupil knows that his columbine was one of a group growing in the crevice of a rock in a certain photograph, it means vastly more than a columbine in the air without another age or environment.

Not till the property in wild flowers is taken away from the people, and they have to enter certain reserves where the heavy fat sunflowers grow, and then be may gather and carry away but a limited number. Similar conservation in America would not only save the wild flowers, but would be a source of profit.

A DOUBLE LOSS.

Mrs. Rankin endeared herself to Bridget, the stout and sentimental cook, by interested inquiries after Bridget's numerous relatives; and the answers she received often compensated her amply for the time she thus spent.

"Was your cousin Celia married the last of June, as she expected to be?" asked Mrs. Rankin, on her return to town one autumn; and Bridget's face changed from cheerfulness to gloom in a moment.

"She was not, poor Celia!" she said, mournfully. "He was took off sudden wid a fever. It was to her a double loss. There was the loss av the man, and there was the loss av the marriage."

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

It is not always true that an Englishman cannot see a joke. Joseph Chamberlain fell out on himself, says the New York Times, which proves the contrary.

He was the guest of honor at a dinner in Liverpool. The mayor had invited a distinguished company to hear Mr. Chamberlain speak. For two hours they chatted over their food, and at last coffee was served. The mayor leaned over and touched his guest's elbow.

"Your excellency," he asked, "shall we let the crowd enjoy itself a little longer, or shall we better have your speech now?"

MANY EMPLOYMENTS.

At the meeting recently held in Leeds, under the auspices of the Women's Trade Union League, a list of employments showed that among the women of the United Kingdom are auctioneers, architects, bailiff's, blacksmiths, brickmakers, butchers, chimney-sweeps, tailoresses, railway porters, veterinary surgeons, and one dock laborer. The numbers of women in these several occupations vary greatly, of course. It is astonishing to read that there are more than three thousand brickmakers and nearly four thousand butchers.

Sick at your Stomach.

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